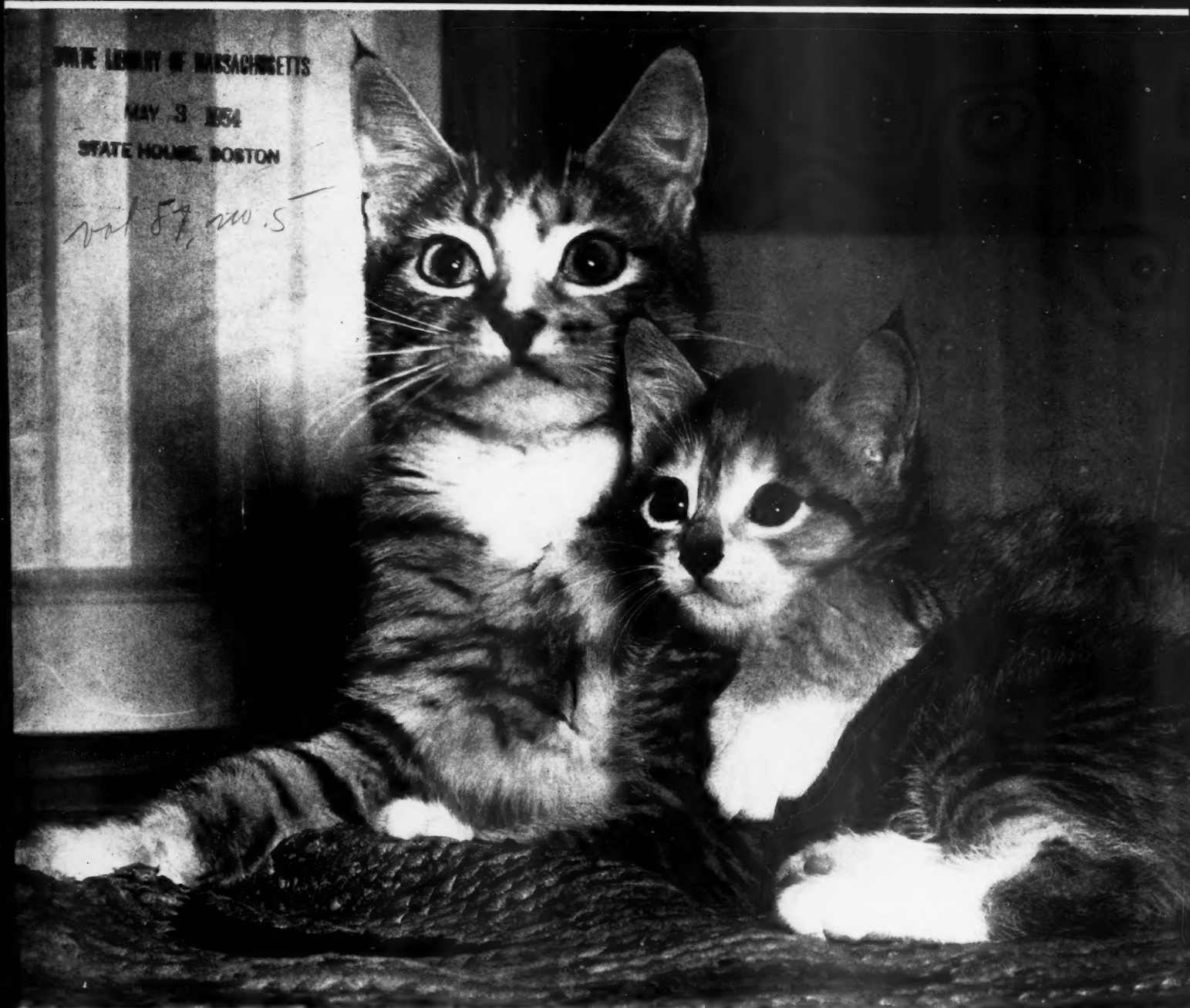


# OUR DUMB Animals



"MOTHER'S PROTECTING ME — SO THERE!"

(See Page 4)

Photo by Allan J. deLay



Editor—WILLIAM A. SWALLOW  
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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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## *Just Cat and Dog Societies?*

*W*E doubtless shall have to say it again—that the humane societies of this and other lands stand for a cause transcendingly greater than multitudes ever understand. Just cat and dog societies? Is that all they are? Have they no higher aim than to make a little less hard the lot of life's lowly children—beast and bird?

Even if that were all their goal, would it be unworthy of the thought and endeavor of even the wise and thoughtful, when one remembers the debt we owe the beast of the field and the fowl of the air?

Is there any finer virtue than kindness? Have the wars and woes from which the world has suffered from time immemorial found their causes in the wills and ambitions of men of good will and kindly service to their fellow mortals? Of course not!

Yes, societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals do care for the often defenseless children of land and sea and air, but more by far, than what it means to beast and bird, is the reaction upon the characters of the men and women and children of this ennobling and redeeming grace of kindness.

This is the meaning and the supreme purpose of what is more and more being known as Humane Education—the awakening in the heart of youth of what we have called the great virtue—Kindness.

E. H. H.

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Photo by Les T. Ordeman

Mrs. Robin feeds her babies close to civilization.

## Mrs. Robin Builds High

By Alyse E. Murry

**R**OBINS are in the news. Perhaps something of the unrest in our own world has affected their habits, too. Anyway, robins have been nesting in strange and out of the way places lately instead of their conventional homes in trees.

Portland's (Oregon) largest department store has had the privilege of being host to some robins recently. High above the eighth floor and precariously perched on the edge of the fire escape, Mrs. Robin built a fine, sturdy nest. Just what happened to Mr. Robin, we do not know, as he never showed up to tell us, but the lady bird was obviously a widow. However, she was game and determined to raise her family, even though unaided. Three eggs were promptly laid in the new nest and the hopeful mother bird sat through two weeks of pouring rain and wild stormy weather. There was no shelter at all. It was just as the sun finally came out again that watching employees heard the first "peep-peep" of the newly hatched babies. There was

much excitement on the fire escape that day.

Kind-hearted workers in the big store brought worms and other foods to the anxious mother and she seemed to understand the interest and sympathy of the watchers. Mrs. Robin was never afraid of us and would quickly come to the window sill to investigate any new food put out for her. Gladly she stuffed the three fat babies with our gifts of worms, shredded meat, and cereals—and more than 3,000 people have had the fun of watching at close range the fine care a mother bird gives her children. We humans might well emulate her faithfulness to family duty.

But there was something missing at work today, for our delightful little bird family had grown up and left their homes over Sunday. We hope they have found some shady trees in a delightful garden where the hunting for fat worms will be fun.

## Our Cover

**W**HEN Mrs. Mary deLay adopted a sickly mite of a kitten from the Humane Society, she was moved by compassion and by the appeal of the pansy-faced cat, even in its ailing state. She had no inkling that Pansy, as she named her little waif, besides winning her way into the deLay hearts, would pay off handsomely for the care patiently given to pull her through the feline ailment and helped her grow into a dignified and highly photogenic cat.

Allan deLay, Mary's husband, is a photographer on the staff of *The Oregonian*. When not on call at the newspaper plant, he is taking a busman's holiday, experimenting with his camera.

Pansy is, like most cats, a perfect model. Though pure alley cat, she has a presence, a calmness that the lens catches. A classic pose of her with one of her kittens Allan titles, "Mother and Child" (see our cover picture). Note the pansy markings on the cat's face that led Mary deLay to choose the name. In the picture one of Pansy's legs encircles, arm-like, the kitten, which is the same light gray as its mother. Enlarged to a huge portrait, this picture is hung in the newspaper's lobby, where it receives much admiration.

Pansy and her three kittens posed for the deLay Christmas greetings, with the cats' attention centered on a ball-and-icicle-decorated branch of a tree. A picture of the kittens alone shows them playing in and about a boot.

A rift in the humane and feline harmony threatened when the deLays' daughter was born. Pansy was jealous of the attention Baby Laura received, and for a little while "her nose was out of joint." But she soon became reconciled, and as Laura grew to toddle about, Pansy endured the fondling by baby hands.

— Mabel C. Olson

## Priority

By Patricia Randall

*With wistful eyes and small, sad tail,  
He sat in the window there—  
A small black dog with curly ears  
And melancholy air.*

*I had some money in my purse  
A new spring coat to buy—  
A coat both beautiful and warm—  
And then he caught my eye.  
A small black dog with merry tail  
Now chews my rugs and shoes.  
My heart is warm and satisfied—  
Though last year's coat I use.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# Happy's Family

By Carol Collier

**H**APPY, part collie and part shepherd, is a real member of the Collier family, of Wooster, Ohio, and during the past several years she has become quite the traveled canine.

It's this way. Since the Colliers, themselves, do quite a bit of traveling by "housebus," and, since Happy is a part of the family, she always goes along. Of late years, she has been on trips to Florida, Maine, California, Washington and even into Mexico and Canada. As a matter of fact Happy has been in or through all but three states, North Dakota, North Carolina and South Carolina and she has her bid in for these three to make her record complete.

It was during their trip to Mexico that the Colliers almost lost Happy for the first time. On the way to Monterey, they stopped along the road to eat. The meal finished and the dishes washed, they continued on their way. Mr. Collier had driven about ten miles before one of the children discovered that they must have forgotten about Happy and left her behind. Naturally, they headed back immediately to look for her.

It was dark by that time and rather difficult to see anything. After returning about five miles, Mrs. Collier spotted something lying beside the road. Anxiously the family poured from the bus. It goes without saying that they were relieved that the figure was that of a dead pig and not Happy. Back they continued and a little farther on, they found Happy waiting for them, confident that she would not be abandoned.

Once, while in California the bus had a flat tire. Happy got out with the rest and wandered around while the tire was being fixed. Since everyone was con-



The Collier family and their bus. (Left to right) Mr. Collier, Jim, Carol, Joan, Happy, Marilyn, Roger and Mrs. Collier.

cerned about the tire, they forgot all about Happy and drove away without her, but once again they found her waiting for them.

Happy just couldn't seem to learn that she was supposed to keep track of her family and get back in the bus when they did, for the same thing happened on several other occasions. Once it was a near tragedy. Touring through Montana, the family was always hopping out to look at scenery and landmarks on the way. At one of these stops, Happy failed to get back into the bus and was left behind. As usual they returned but this time she was not waiting nor did an exhaustive search through the countryside reveal her whereabouts. Happy just wasn't there.

Sadly, the family went on and the rest of the trip home was one of gloom. Happy's loss was felt by the entire family. But upon arriving home, there was a post card awaiting them from a couple in California. Apparently they had found Happy and taken her to the dog pound in the next town. Luckily, Happy wore a dog tag bearing the Collier's address, so the dog pound official wired Mr. Collier who sent word for them to send Happy home.

It seemed like years while they were

building a shipping crate and making arrangements but finally word came that Happy was on her way home and what train she would arrive on. No other member of the family was ever given such a hearty welcome. The entire family went down to the railroad station to meet her.

Like all normal dogs, Happy has a bad side. She barks at visitors and frequently refuses to go to bed. Sometimes she snitches the cat's food. But then, she can be very helpful at times, too. When the baby was smaller, Mrs. Collier could leave her outside with Happy and know that she would be protected. And, of course, Happy also cleans up milk and crumbs that fall during a meal, thus saving a lot of housework.

Happy really startles some people. One Sunday, when the family was riding through the city of Canton, a passerby noticed the dog and, continuing on down the street with his neck twisted around looking at Happy, he walked right into the side of a building. After all, it is rather unusual to see a dog riding in a bus.

All in all, Happy has given the Colliers excitement, disappointments and lots of fun, and you may be sure that they love her.

# Lord of the Manor

By **Addie Jo Sharp**

**C**HICO is a tough character. He has disrupted our household and ruined our dispositions. Still, we remain his devoted slaves.

Chico is no different from other possessive males, except that he is a Chihuahua dog. He has owned us since he was a tiny puppy—winning us at once with his cunning ways and affectionate disposition. In fact, he had us so completely wrapped up that in no time we decided to double our pleasure in him by acquiring Chiquita.

That was where we made our mistake. Chico would not let us touch her. He spent his days running circles around her and baring tiny teeth whenever we came near. At night he stood guard before the door of her box and warned us with treble rumblings of his small throat. This went on until the babies came. Then he began to snap at her.

Chiquita grieved and we puzzled at the change that had come over Chico. No longer would he crawl into our pockets. No longer did he stand guard over his mate. All day, he sulked in his box. All night we could hear him grumbling to himself.

Finally, we gave Chiquita and the babies away. Now we have our old Chico back, wearing us out with his boundless energies and demands for attention. We have come to the conclusion that once one has been "lord of the manor," abdication is not easy.

# Busy is the Word

By **Jasper B. Sinclair**

**T**HE industriousness of some insects, birds and animals has become something of a tradition in the animal world. The result has been a colorful collection of similes, descriptive phrases and pointed expressions.

The "eager beaver" is described as being "as busy as a beaver" with his work of building dams, bridges and cozily-constructed homes to keep out winter's chill blasts. The industry of the ant has been frequently voiced, especially in the admonition to less energetic persons, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!"

As far back as Bible times there were literary allusions to the "busy bee," in such examples as, "How doth the busy bee improve each shining hour." When you "make a beeline" you are not only going directly to your destination, but supposedly as speedily as possible.

Even the mouse can be a hard working creature, if we are to believe Ben Franklin. He coined the proverb, "By diligence and patience the mouse ate the cable in two." And it must have been a pretty busy dog that coined the phrase "dog tired" at the end of its canine day. This was in the "dog days," no doubt.

The Scots had a word for this sort of thing, too. They talk about being "As busy as a hen on a hot stove." This equivalent to the Americanism, "As busy as a cat scratching on a tin roof." Either of these might well remind you of the less complimentary reference, "As busy as a dog with fleas." Only another dog knows the full meaning of this phrase.

# What a Memory!

**E**LEPHANTS are supposed to have fine memories, but how about dogs? Can we argue that their minds are not as keen when we learn of the dog who belonged to Elinor Maki, of Nolalu, Ontario?

A mongrel, the puppy was welcomed into the Maki home in 1929. His happiness with his adopters was complete. Yes, one day he decided to go out into the world to make some discoveries. But the most important thing he discovered, apparently, was that he could not find his way back. So, he wandered, no one knows where, for eleven years.

All efforts to find the dog failed. Finally, the family gave up their futile efforts to find him. In the few short months, the dog had been with them he had won their hearts. They could not bring themselves to adopt another dog so long as hope remained for the first.

Then, in 1940, an old dog made his appearance at the Maki home. He was partly gray, weary and apparently grateful to be back. Yes, it was the same dog.

How could the Makis be sure? Simply because he showed definite signs of recognizing members of the family, and because he knew his way about the large house and scratched at the spot where his water dish had been kept, eleven years before. When a family member gave him some water he drank the bowl dry. He also knew where his sleeping corner was and, most surprising of all, he pleaded for a bite to eat at a certain cabinet.

Although the cabinet contained only dishes, the Makis remembered that at one time they used to keep crackers and other bits of food in it.

— Art Crockett

## DOG ODDITIES

By **Harry Miller**, Director, **GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER**



**BLACKIE, A GERMAN SHEPHERD,** DOES THE **DAILY SHOPPING** FOR THE **KEENER FAMILY, LUBBOCK, TEXAS.** HE CARRIES THE ORDER, SHOPPING BAG AND COIN PURSE IN HIS MOUTH



**THE BYRAM RIVER BEAGLE CLUB, GREENWICH, CONN.,** WAS THE SETTING FOR THE WEDDING OF **LUCILLE BALL AND DESI ARNAZ**



"**THE STRANGER,**" A STORY ABOUT A **FOXHOUND** BY **MARCELLUS L. DAVIS,** IS THE ONLY SPORTING STORY TO BE READ INTO THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

© 1950. Gaines Dog Research Center. N. Y. C.



I WAS worried. Mr. Blue had gone off directly after breakfast and it was now almost dinner time. Twice I'd circled the neighboring farms in the car, blowing the horn at frequent intervals. I'd even saddled Hilda and ridden through ours and the adjoining vineyards.

I put dinner on to cook, telling myself that when I'd finished, Mr. Blue would come walking down the lane. I guess if you believe anything hard enough, it's bound to happen. Anyhow, at the designated time I looked out and sure enough, there was Mr. Blue midway between the highway and the house.

He was walking slowly, as though exhausted, and beside him was another animal, which, in the growing darkness, I assumed to be Pumpkin, our yellow cat.

"Where have you been, you rascal?" I demanded sternly, going to meet him.

When I was within a dozen feet of the pair, I saw that his companion was not Pumpkin, but a very small, tan-colored dog.

"And who is this?" I asked, forgetting to be angry.

Mr. Blue dashed about, performing an introduction, while "this" lay down, all four feet in the air.

"No need to be frightened," I told the stranger, stretching forth a hand in welcome. "You're among friends, Sister."

After petting her, I went back to the house. "She probably belongs in the neighborhood," I told myself, "and will go home if I let her alone."

I prepared the dogs' dinner and stepped onto the porch to call them. The little dog, I noticed, hadn't moved from the spot where she'd collapsed.

"Dinner, everybody!" I announced. Mr. Blue came to the house, sniffed his plate and walked back to his new-found friend. Something must be wrong with her, I decided, and went to investigate. She weighed no more than ten or twelve pounds, and every ounce of her was trembling as I carried her into the house.

"My, you are an old one!" I said, as I examined her toothless jaws under a light. "And you're a mat of cockleburs!"

I gave her milk but she refused to have anything to do with it.

"All right, I'm sorry for mentioning your age," I apologized. "Come here, let me clean you up a bit."

The little dog was the prime topic of conversation during dinner. "I can't believe anyone would abandon her," I said. "A heartless person might drop a young dog on the highway, but no one could possibly desert an animal they'd owned for ten or twelve years."

For a week thereafter, I scanned the Lost and Found column of the local papers, hoping to find a clue as to our boarder's identity. Many animals were missing, it seemed, but none of the queries detailed a description of the little dog Mr. Blue had brought home.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with her," I told Jack. "Three dogs, four cats, two horses and a duck are about all I can manage. . . ."

"You'd better take her to the animal shelter," he said. "She looks respectable now. Maybe somebody will give her a home."

The man in charge of the shelter frowned when I entered his office with the stray under my arm. He listened politely, however, while I told him how and when I'd come by the dog.

"Her name is Tomboy," he sighed, when I'd finished. "Her owners went east about three months ago and left her with some relatives. They all work, so Tomboy is alone all day. I guess she just gets lonesome and wanders off. This is the fourth time she's been brought in."

"Poor little thing," I said. "Do her former owners know how unhappy she is?"

# "Mr. Blue" A.W.O.L.

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue brings in the local paper — his way of helping to find Tomboy's lost family.

He shrugged.

"Do you have their address?"

"No, but I can get it." I waited while he made a 'phone call.

"I'm going to write them," I told him, "and if you don't mind, I'll take Tomboy home. She seems fairly content with my dog, Mr. Blue."

The days went by. That Tomboy liked and trusted Mr. Blue was evidenced by the way she cuddled close to him at night. I was getting genuinely disturbed when, at the end of the second week, there still was no word from Tomboy's "folks."

Just as I was working myself into something of a tizzy it came— a letter, via air mail, special delivery with a money order to cover Tomboy's fare home! Jack took the morning off to build a crate to contain her on the long journey. I bathed and brushed her until she glistened.

"You're going home to Ethel," I told the little dog as she was carried aboard the train. At the name "Ethel," Tomboy pricked up her ears, wagged her tail furiously. We watched the train disappear down the track.

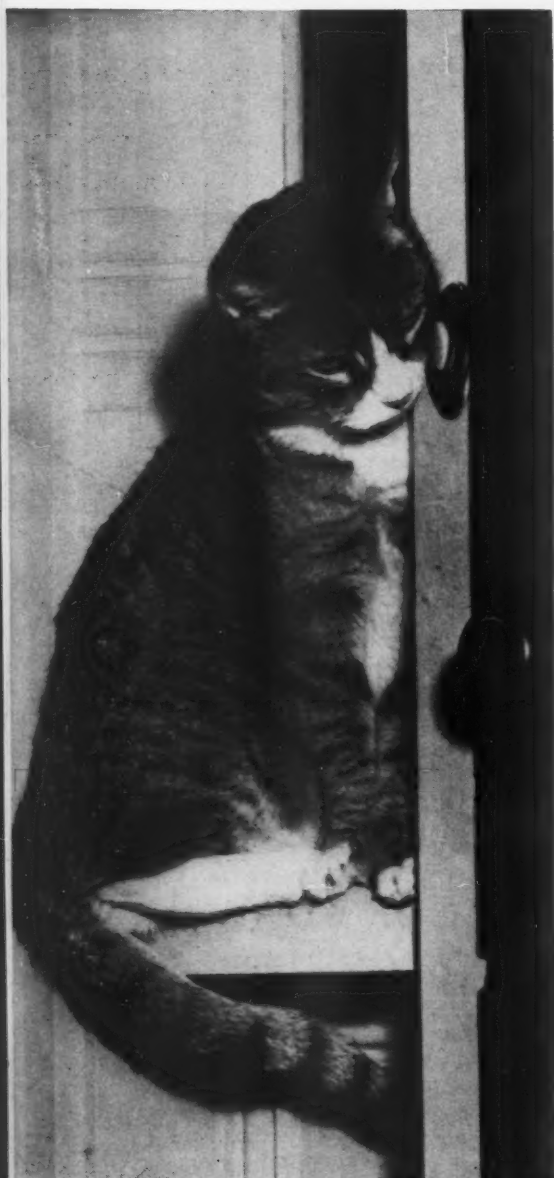
"I'm awfully glad the case of Tomboy turned out the way it did," I said, as we got back into the car. "If Mr. Blue hadn't found her, she might never have seen her family again."

Jack chuckled. "Yes, but have a look at Mr. Blue. The bottom has dropped out of his world."

"Oh, don't worry about him," I said. "He'll find something else to 'mother' in a day or two. He always has."

# "Kitty" Rings Once

By Barbara Osborn  
Quincy Patriot Ledger



Boston Record-American, Myer Ostroff



Wide World Photo

Kitty climbs a railing, braces left front paw on sill and rings bell with the other paw.

**D**UM! Ding, ding, ding! This is the city. I was working out of a snowbank when I got a call to investigate a case of illegal entry in Milton. It was 4:33 p. m.

I went to the address given. The owner, Edward G. Riley came to the door. He seemed amused, invited me in and told me that the suspect (his star boarder) was in the living room.

He was lying on the couch and as I came in he stretched and stared at me. He was younger than I had imagined and there was something queer about his eyes—he kept blinking them.

I questioned him and he didn't deny a thing. "Okay, buster, I want the facts," I said softly. "Just start at the beginning." He blinked a couple of times and then he began to talk.

"I don't remember the exact date that it started but it was about 5:16 a. m. The sun wasn't up but I've got eyes that can see in the dark.

"I think I knew there was a tail on me, but I was used to it. I was working out of a snowbank, trying to figure a 'cozy' angle."

"I wanted an 'in' and figured to play it smart and get what I wanted the easy way," he continued. "So I cased the joint, pussy-footing around. Then I saw it near the window ledge right beside the front door. I wanted to get my paws on that, all right.

"It was a big jump, but I decided to take a chance. I made a 'fe-line' for it and landed on the ledge. From there it was purr-ty easy to reach over and press the bell. Dum! Ding, ding, ding! I

waited, never taking my eyes off the door and when it opened I flashed in.

"You knew, though, that this was highly er—irregular?" I asked.

"So what," he whiskered, "if it isn't exactly according to Hoyle? I'm through with those cat and mouse games. Anyway, I was sick of howling outside the window."

I had my facts so I went back to the office and started my report. "The Life of Riley isn't the cat's meow any more."

The door opens and Kitty stalks into the house.



Wide World Photo

Kitty having rung the bell waits expectantly.



# Mayflower Dogs And Others

**A**RE you a descendant of any of that hardy band who came over on the Mayflower? Well, if you are, you may still have considerably less to brag about than your dog. For while there were 102 humans on that little ship, there were only two dogs.

Unfortunately, genealogists haven't done as good a job of following family lines for dogs as they have for humans. And today, the mongrel next door may be a direct descendant of one of the dogs that crossed on the Mayflower and no one would know it.

According to history, these two dogs were a mastiff and a spaniel. We know that the mastiff was a female and may well have borne a large family. The sex of the spaniel is not known. However, if both dogs were females, they may still have started families, for apparently the Indians in the area had dogs even at that time. In Bradford's History of Plymouth it is reported that Capt. Myles Standish, on his reconnoitering expedition on Cape Cod, met a party of Indians that had a dog along.

This is backed up by other references to Indian dogs in early writings, including the report that a dog gave the warning when the English attacked the Indians at Pequot Fort in 1637.

Anyway, if you have a spaniel, a mastiff or a "just plain dog," his ancestors may have come over in the Mayflower, too.

In addition to the two dogs, the Pilgrims brought in other animals, too. They brought no young cattle in the Mayflower, but possibly poultry, swine and goats.

Later, in 1624, there arrived at Plymouth in the *Charity*, a bull and three heifers which, according to Bradford, was "the first beginning of any cattle of that kind in the land." The following year, four black heifers were added to the herd. These animals loomed so large in early Plymouth history that three of them emblazoned Bradford's pages as "Raghorn, the Smooth-horned heifer and the Blind heifer." By 1627,

the beginning of a herd of live stock and draught animals was well established.

About this time, Bradford wrote back to England that it would be an enormous benefit to the Colony if it had some goats—"espeshally goats are very fite for this place, for they will here thrive very well, are a hardy creature, and live at no charge, ether, wenter or sommer, their increase is great and milke very good, and need little looking toe."

Cattle, however, remained the most important animals. In fact, these animals continued, throughout Colony history to be the chief source of wealth. Furs were purchased from the Indians and sold in England and the returning ships steadily increased the herd of horned cattle. Allotments of cattle to various groups of individuals immensely improved domestic life.

In 1628, a brisk trade in cattle began and the European goods bought in Boston were paid for in cattle and grain. Some of the early colonists set up a business of pasturing cattle and swine sent across country from Boston.

According to Plymouth Colony records of January 2, 1632 and 1633, a provision was made that the property rights of hogs, always difficult animals to control, should be adequately defended. Throughout the serious and often tragic pages of these times, hogs were constantly running amuck in most amusing fashion.

The centuries-old Aryan custom of common lands, successfully proved in uniting any settlement of people, was early put into effect. Cow-herds or "cow-keepers" were appointed and paid by the town through the summer to care for these group-owned herds.

Sheep, too, had their place and by 1644, there were three thousand of these animals in the Colony of Massachusetts, and rigid laws afforded them every protection. Thus, through courage, common sense and unselfishness a great nation moved ahead; gathered riches and untold blessings from a paltry importation of livestock.



# "Crackers"

Illustrations by

*This will introduce that inquisitive tiger kitten, "Crackers" by name, whose curiosity will get him into that state described in the well-known saying, if he isn't careful.*



*Careful! "Phooey!" says Crackers. "Let's live dangerously!" So he scorns his namesakes on the plate, sights that familiar looking white stuff in the glass and goes over to investigate.*



*It's a pretty tall glass for a young fellow, but Crackers "calculates" he can make a go of it by resting his fore-paws on the edge of the glass and lowering his nose to lapping distance.*

# s" and Milk

tions by Shep Shepherd

*"Oops! What happened? Must be the glass tipped over. There goes my lunch all over the nice table cloth. And my feet are getting wet, too. Well, no use crying over spilled milk."*

*"Or is there? Guess I'd better scam off here before somebody comes. Maybe they'll think a truck went by and jarred the table enough to knock the glass over."*



So he  
ite stuff

*"Come to think of it, I'd better not be in sight when the crime is discovered. I cased the joint, all right, but I muffed that white stuff. Dum, da, dum, dum!"*







## Shot by the Camera

By Edith T. Hall

**W**HEN you go on trips, whether for weeks or week-ends, whether far or near—take your camera. Some delightful picture may present itself—like the little rat terrier we saw begging from customers at a hot dog stand at the Nebraska State Fair on a dusty, paper-blown day.

While examining a stretch of the old Oregon Trail one day, we parked on the busy street of a midwestern town, Kearney, Nebraska. It was then that I took one of my best human interest shots.

As we pulled up to the curb, I saw a parked bicycle in front of a plumbing shop. Clinging so tightly to the handle bars that nothing would distract his attention was a small black and white, shaggy-haired, eager-faced little dog of unknown ancestry, but of undoubted faith and loyalty.

"I'll never be in time," I thought. "The dog will jump off or start barking at me."

But his was a one-track mind. He was waiting for his young master. The picture was snapped silently. Almost at once, a beaming youngster of ten or eleven opened the door of the store, released the stand, threw one leg over his bike—and the two companions were sailing down the street, blissfully happy.

And we had a smiling remembrance of a small bit of life's drama.

## Dog Finds Self

By H. Wyman Porter

**C**EDAR, a cocker spaniel, owned by Mrs. P. A. Margeson, of Kentville, Nova Scotia certainly will have a bright future, but any reputation gained from here on can hardly equal his achievement recently when he literally found himself.

Cedar must be psychic, in fact is probably the first dog on record to answer, under his own power, a lost advertisement put on the air waves over station CKEN less than ten minutes after his owner had appealed by radio for information as to his whereabouts.

Jack A. C. Lewis, station manager, contacted by Mrs. Margeson, after writing the script and hearing it on the air at 3:30 p. m., was in his office chair when he turned and saw in the doorway a dog answering the description he had written. He took off his glasses, rubbed his eyes and looked again, then said, "Here, Cedar."

The dog bounced in and Jack grabbed for the 'phone. He called Mrs. Margeson and told her it looked as if the dog had given himself up. Mrs. Margeson couldn't credit it and said there must be a mistake, so Mr. Margeson was summoned and on his arrival, the dog gave quick recognition of his ownership and that, in one respect, at least, is why he is probably "The Dog of the Year."

Cedar must have made his escape aided and abetted by the recent big snow falls in the Kentville area. Apparently he had climbed up a bank of snow in the kennel and jumped over the wire enclosure.

Mrs. Margeson found he was missing about noon and she received a call from her sister that a dog of Cedar's description had gone by her home. Cedar has never before been in the town, the kennels being located about a mile from the studio.

To give himself up, he had first to get inside the building, then walk up a long flight of stairs to the second floor, then he passed a fire insurance agency office, then a law office, down the corridor past a finance loan office, and finally just short of an optician's parlor, he stopped at the radio station's business office.

And there he was. Had he heard the broadcast and did he know the proper place at which to report?

## Hearing Aids—50c

By Roy M. O'Mara

**A**FTER a dozen years of next-to-perfect behavior, the old dog grew untractable. It became apparent finally that her misconduct was due mainly to not hearing usual instructions.

Among a hundred other distressing circumstances, she would heedlessly run into intersections, where she formerly held up at casual command. Moreover, she sullenly refused to respond to call or whistle even when only a few feet away.

But old dogs can learn new tricks. For her worn teeth, softer food is provided and for her failing nerves—vitamins. Her dimness of eye or dullness of smell are no longer factors and the hearing-discipline problem has been solved with an ordinary "silent" dog whistle.

In her case, at least and strangely enough, she apparently hears this high-frequency whistle as well as a dog with normal hearing. The lot of a good many old dogs, as well as owners of old dogs, could probably be thereby improved, permitting several years more of pleasant association.

Almost any dog's boss has a favorite approach. Our training is by no means scientific or complete, but what has been accomplished has been done by giving the old dog nothing but a good time when he hears the whistle—if not a favored tidbit, then most certainly lively affection.

This seems to assure attention getting. After that, it is a small step to combining whistle with familiar gesture. By now, our old dog is bounding around like a puppy once more.

For instance, she goes for walks once again. On a long whistle she waits at the curb. On two shorts, she scrambles across. In addition to surprising dog response, you will notice that birds all about will answer the whistle with perplexed clamor, and all the neighborhood cats will be peering at you from behind things.

Thus far, no whistle has been found that is exactly suitable from the human standpoint. They cannot be comfortably held between the teeth and simultaneously blown. Outside support is necessary. Even so, if both hands were required to hold the whistle it would be worthwhile. For with it you can whistle old dogs back from the doldrums. For fifty cents you could try, anyway.

## Their Master's Voice

By John L. Holden

**M**AN and dog have been fast friends down through the ages since the first wild dog crawled into the sheltering warmth of man's fireside, and into his heart. The one major complaint against our canine friend has been his annoying habit of barking at the wrong time, usually in the dark of night.

Neighbors have complained of having their sleep interrupted by barking dogs the world over. Courts have declared barking dogs a nuisance and forced man to part with his beloved friend time and again. Science has come to the aid of at least one dog lover, enabling him to quiet his barking dogs in the night without leaving his warm bed.

George C. Wiedeman, of San Bernardino, California, a dog fancier who believes in his neighbors' right to peace and quiet, found a solution to his needs. He also found a way to keep his five Weimaraners happy. These dogs, he claims, are above average in intelligence. He believes that they bark only because they are lonely and want to hear him speak to them.

Mr. Wiedeman has constructed a seventy-foot electrical communication system from his home to the dog kennel in his back yard. Placed strategically throughout his home are several microphones. A speaker connected to these is located inside the kennels.

If one of the dogs begins barking during the night, he speaks into a microphone beside his bed or slaps his palm with a folded paper. The sound of his voice or slap of the paper is transmitted to the kennels, and the dogs hearing his signal, instantly stop the disturbance and go to sleep.

Neighbors who had worried about sleeping with five dogs next door are never awakened. The communication system keeps the dogs happy with the feeling that their master is always with them in the kennels.

As for George Wiedeman, science keeps him out of the dog house where his friends are concerned.

## Identification Tags

**I**F your dog has ever strayed away from home and become lost, you know the feeling of panic which ensues—the feeling of helplessness. We are ready to help all dog owners should such an emergency arise. See our “ad” on the back cover.

May 1954

# The Relaxing Cat

By Elsie Simon

**I**F it were not for Kitty my nerves would be in frazzles. She has taught me a lot about how to relax.

At home, in the evening, after a hard day's work, I think of the many things I could be doing. Then I look at Kitty, lying by the fire and I hear her contentedly purring. She makes a perfect picture of relaxation. Looking at her makes me realize that anyone who has worked through the day should relax and enjoy life's comforts in the evening. So what if there is dust on the venetian blinds and the letter to Aunt Jane does not get written? If I want to be efficient tomorrow I had better relax in the evening. I take another look at Kitty. Her mind is at peace. She's soaking in the warmth and comforts of home. If my cat can enjoy home so much so can I. I turn on the television and watch my favorite program and keep one eye on Kitty. I catch her relaxing mood and feel soothed and rested.

That cat exhibits a perfect craving for comfort. She always seeks out the sunny spot in my home in winter. Do you think she will set her paw outdoors on a rainy day? She will not! But on warm spring days she goes out and lounges in

the sunshine and shuns the house. In the summertime heat she thinks the summer sun was made for fools to lie in and she takes her ease beneath a shady tree. She likes to exercise, too. Sometimes she goes for solitary walks around the community. One of her favorite exercises is to chase leaves in the wind around the yard. She enjoys this a great deal.

My cat's motto is to be as comfortable as possible at all times and I think it is one that humans would do well to follow.

When Kitty wakes up in the morning she stretches slowly, yawns and leisurely gets out of bed. You never see her leap out—but then she has no alarm clock. Lucky cat! At least on Saturdays and Sundays and holidays I allow myself the luxury of her example.

I like the way Kitty can sometimes just sit and do nothing. We human beings flutter around always keeping busy. We wear ourselves out and frequently with all our efforts accomplish not as much as the cat who knows how to be contented. She is a pleasure to watch as she leads her calm, relaxing and restful life and having her about is like a soothing tonic for my nerves.



Don't bother me — can't you see I'm relaxing!

# Society and

## Sharing Our Mail

**O**CCASIONALLY, among the many pieces of mail we receive each day, come letters like the two following, letters which are appreciated far more than their writers know and which inspire us to strive mightily to deserve them. These, especially, cheered us and seemed to be such thoughtful gestures that we want to share them with you.

**From a charming young man** — "I realize this is a small donation compared to what you usually get. I am only fifteen and have a small after-school job which pays me very little. In accordance with my income this is all I can give. However, I plan—when my income increases—to be a steady backer of this worthy society.

"If there would be anything I could do myself to help, please let me know. If now I can't give money, perhaps I can do something for you."

**And this, from a kind lady to whom we were of assistance** — "I never had occasion to come into personal contact with your Society until a few years ago. For a day or two there had been sitting on my piazza, a beautiful, half-grown kitten. He sat crouched on the floor against the wall. He never cried, but his pathetic eyes spoke for him.

"Finally, I called up your Society. That very afternoon, a young man came for him. As he came up the steps he saw the beautiful little kitten. He gave one look at him and then turned to me and said, simply, 'He's sick.'"

"I shall never forget the tone of his voice as he spoke. It was full of the tenderest compassion and love. He placed the kitten in his basket and then drove off. I have always been sorry that I could not tell him how I appreciated his response to misery.

"If he is the reflection of the spirit of your Society, then is that Society worthy of every citizen's wholehearted support. Constant association with sickness and pain had not hardened his heart.

"I wish you every success in your humanitarian enterprise."



*Dr. Petrak lectures to a group of attentive Girl Scouts, while Mr. Pollard looks on.*

## The Partnership of Pets

**By Albert A. Pollard**  
*Director of Humane Education*

**O**UR Hospital and colorful auditorium, with its gay posters, animal games and exhibits, seem to be a "must" visit all during the year for groups of girls and boys from churches, schools, camps and neighborhood houses. Here they learn new facts as to correct treatment and care of animals so that proper attitudes, kindness and appreciation are stimulated.

All during the Easter and Christmas vacation weeks, hundreds of Girl Scouts apply for registration in a special course leading to merit badges in "First Aid to Animals" and "Care of the Dog and Cat." Many cannot be accommodated and must wait for a later course, so great is the interest.

Doctors Petrak and Holzworth of our Hospital staff take time out from a busy schedule to give an intensive course on what first aid procedures to follow in case one's pet dog or cat is sick or injured. How does one approach an animal if it is injured? How should an animal be carried, held, muzzled or confined? To what types of diseases and injuries are different animals susceptible? How does one give liquid and tablet medicine to a dog or cat? What about licensing, stray animals and the laws relating to vicious, biting or barking dogs? These are but a few of the requirements. For nearly an hour and a half the young-

sters take notes and ask questions.

A letter received from the leader of Troop 108 of Quincy is typical of the interest and appreciation for this teaching. "We wish to thank all of you at the American Humane Education Society for making this course possible. The girls are still talking about it and what a wonderful time they had. My daughter Judith has already finished her notebook and passed all her requirements by the executive director of the Quincy Council. Enclosed is two dollars left from our bus fares, which is not much, considering all you have done for us, but it may help a little."

Thus, over 1500 Girl Scouts during the past three years have taken advantage of this course offered by the Society which may now be considered a traditional part of our program. This course also serves to give children some familiarity and appreciation of the many different kinds of services rendered by the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. In general, it has two main values. First, realization that well-cared-for pets provide pleasure, develop responsibility and point the way to the many social relations all of us have with animals. Second, and most important, is that true education is fundamental to the ultimate solution of the social problems of man's relationship to man.



# Service News

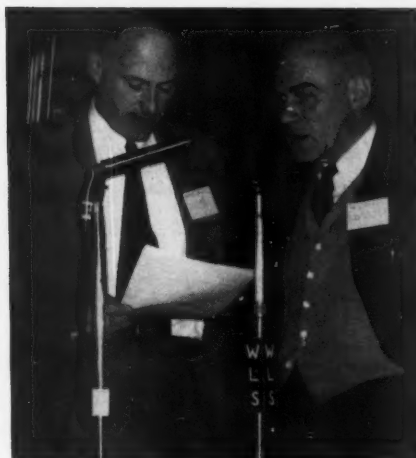
## Notes on Our Doctors

**G**OVERNOR Christian A. Herter, of Massachusetts, recently appointed our Chief of Staff at Angell Memorial. Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, to fill a vacancy on the Board of Registration in Veterinary Medicine. This appointment is for a period of five years.

And we regret that lack of space has delayed our notifying you that Dr. Schnelle was elected President of the New England Veterinary Medical Association at its Annual Convention in Newport, Rhode Island, last fall.

Besides receiving honors, Dr. Schnelle is constantly busy, taking part in the exchange of information among leading veterinarians throughout the country. For example, he took part in a symposium on ACTH and cortisone in veterinary medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, March 18.

Previously, Dr. Schnelle was in Connecticut and New Jersey, where he addressed veterinary associations on congenital hip dysplasia, a crippling disease which is increasing alarmingly in some breeds of dogs, due to its disregard by breeders in their selections for breeding. The breeds principally affected are German shepherds, boxers, Newfoundlands, golden and Labrador retrievers, and French poodles.



## Guest Star

**M**AYNARD Bertsch, of the Chicago, Illinois, radio station WLS's "Dinner Bell Program," is shown interviewing John C. Macfarlane, our Director of Livestock Conservation, concerning what we in New England are doing to lower preventable livestock losses due to indifference and rough treatment.

Mr. Macfarlane was in Chicago for the annual meeting of Livestock Conservation, Inc., at which he was elected to the Executive Committee of their national board.

**MOVING?** — Don't miss a single copy of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**. Send your new address together with the address label from your last copy to the Circulation Manager at least *five* weeks in advance. A convenient card for this purpose (Form 22-S) is available at your post office.



(LEFT) During her play's run in Boston, Margaret Sullivan, the celebrated actress starring in "Sabrina Fair," visited our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital to consult Dr. David L. Coffin, pathologist and expert on psittacine birds, about the proper care of another member of the "Sabrina Fair" cast, the white cockatoo shown with them.

(RIGHT): Here, Dr. Coffin shows Mrs. Elaine Helbig, a staff member, and a somewhat inattentive Hospital patient (the parakeet on her shoulder) his recently-published, 32-page booklet on the care, feeding, and diseases of parrots and parakeets. Designed for the use of individual owners of these pets, as well as veterinarians and bird experts, it was written by Dr. Coffin after months of research, including a special trip to South America for first-hand study of the birds in their native habitat.

## To Whom It Concerns

**T**HE following letter came with a litter of puppies, which were given up at our Rowley Memorial Hospital, and quite possibly it helped place them all in good homes:

"We were born November 20, 1952. Our father (the cad!) has never even called on our mother, so no one has the faintest idea about him. Mother, however, is a pure-bred Irish setter, A. K. C. registered, with many champion dogs in her pedigree. A sensitive dog, she minds well, barks to warn of strangers' approach, but never is ugly.

"We have never lived in a heated building, but have been in a well-protected place with a bed of paper and pine needles, so we are healthier and have good coats of fur. We *can* live indoors, but since we will likely be large dogs we are better off outside.

"Please take good care of us and we will make fine companions. Do not expect too much of us at first, for we are just babies; but if you tell us firmly and kindly what you want us to do, we are anxious to please. If you *have* to punish us, do it with a rolled newspaper and a scolding. We understand more from the tone of your voice than by what you do. Use short commands we can learn, and stick to them.

"Please do not handle us too much at first, for we need to sleep a lot. Learn how to pick us up, so that you do not spoil our shoulders.

"We have been strong, healthy pups since the day we were born and I am sure someone will like us a lot."



# CHILDREN'S



## Capri Knoll

By Christina L. Moustakis (12)



Zeus and Tina exchange greetings.

**C**APRI Knoll is a beautiful farm in Beverly, Massachusetts. On Capri Knoll you will see dogs, cats, kittens, ponies, kids (the four-legged kind), turkeys and chickens, but the main animals on the farm are the Nubian goats.

Before I came to work in Capri Knoll, I thought goats were just goats. Now, after working with them for two years, I feel quite differently toward them. Goats are amusing, intelligent, friendly animals.

They pick up cute habits, too. For instance, "Maranda," a mahogany-colored doe, won't be contented after milking unless we let her steal a paper towel, and "Maritza," a spotted doe, always gets into mischief. Goats can easily be trained to harness, too. I have a lot of fun harnessing "Jessie" and "Jimmy" to the goat cart and driving them up and down the driveway, or downtown to shop. Often I ride on "David's" back around the field.



Here are three of the ponies.

One day, a man came to refill the gas tanks which happened to be in the field where "Zeus," our well-known Nubian buck, was grazing. Zeus went up to the man to see what he was doing. The buck's tremendous size and fierce looks scared the man half out of his wits. He was just going to club poor Zeus when Mrs. Bryan, the kindly owner of the farm, and I came to the rescue. Although Zeus looks fierce, he is the gentlest animal on the farm.

In fact, if you want an amusing, affectionate pet, I suggest you get a goat.

I have a lot of fun with the ponies, too. I play tag with "Peanuts," a pinto mare. She will chase me all over the pasture until she gets me cornered. Then she waits for me to reward her with a tidbit. "Pal," a cute little brown pony, and "Danny Boy," a beautiful red roan, rear and buck in play.

The kittens are very amusing, too, and with two mother cats on the farm, there is always an abundance of them at Capri Knoll.



Maranda stealing a paper towel.

## I Have a Shadow

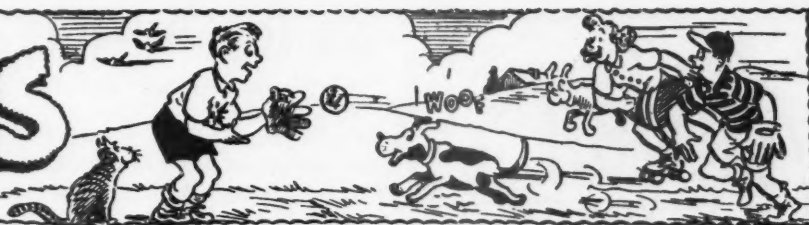
By Joseph Rodriques (8)

**T**HIS dog is not my dog, but everywhere I go she follows me. One night a storm came and she was scratching at my door. When we heard the scratching we opened the door. In came Suky; then we put a blanket over her. Now every day she sleeps in my yard. She has a nice home, but she likes to see me.

Once we had a lot of bones, so we gave them to her. Suky loves me because I have been kind to her.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# PAGES



## Fun in the Forest

By Clarence M. Lindsay

**F**OURTEEN birds and animals appear in the following scrambled word puzzle, which is written in verse form. Can you unscramble these thoroughly confused characters? As a last resort, you may peek at the answers printed upside down below the poem.

*The BATRIB chased the SEALEW through  
The field and through the forest, too.*

*The RAGCOU hollered, "Stop!" But they  
Just ran the faster on their way.*

*The HERTNAP growled to see them run;  
The BATCOB laughed and thought it fun.*

*The CARNOOC climbed into a tree;  
The GERTI jumped and broke his knee.*

*The VABEER dived into the stream;  
The TEROT climbed out on a beam.*

*The NIEPPURCO rolled on his back;  
The POGHER followed in their track.*

*The LOW and WHAK both flew away;  
The DACTBIR found he couldn't stay.*

*At length the BATRIB stopped to rest;  
The SEALEW likewise. Each confessed*

*He didn't know why he had run,  
So they shook paws in the warm sun;*

*Then both sat down and ate their lunch  
Of ivy greens and catnip punch.*

Meet the cast, in the order of their appearance: rabbit, weasel, cougar, panther, bobcat, raccoon, tiger, beaver, otter, porcupine, gopher, owl, hawk, and catbird.

## Baby's Guardian

By Gloria Taves (7)

**T**HIS is a story about my Aunt Mary's dog. His name is Snowball. He tries to untie my shoes. When the baby is playing outdoors, Snowball won't let anyone hurt baby Arthur. He protects the baby.

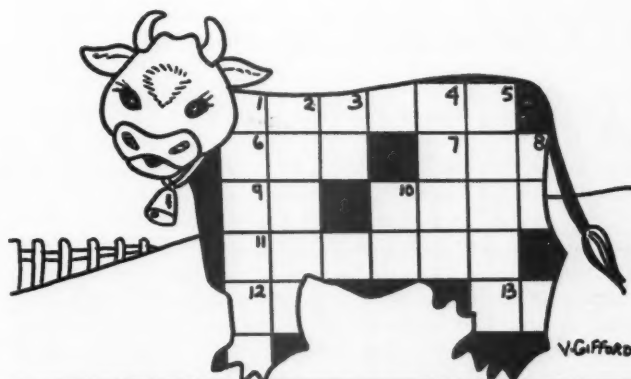
## Heigh-ho! Come to the FAIR!

We mean **ANIMAL FAIR**, of course, our Friday night TV show, where, with John MacFarlane as host, appear many of his fascinating friends of the animal world. You'll enjoy meeting "Mr. Mac's" weekly visitors and hearing the animal stories and facts he has to tell.

The meeting-place is Channel 4, WBZ-TV, and the time is 6 P. M. every Friday.

Won't YOU be there?

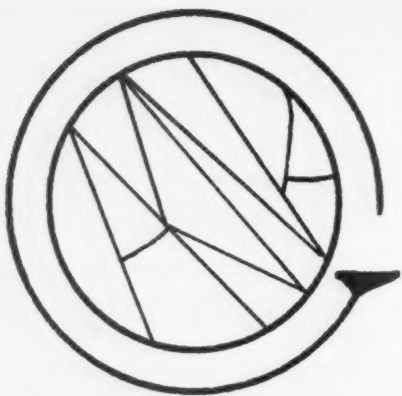
ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLE: Across—1. Mr., 3. Easter, 7. bird, 8. able, 9. be, 11. pile, 12. or, 13. bet, 14. car. Down—1. me, 2. rabbit, 4. sill, 5. tree, 6. Ed, 8. ape, 9. boa, 10. err.



ACROSS	DOWN
1.	1.
6. SUITABLE.	2.
7. CLIMBING PLANT.	3. STREET - ABBV.
9. RURAL ROUTE - ABBV.	4. TO EXIST.
10. ABOVE.	5. EACH.
11.	6. YEAR - ABBV.
12. UPON.	
13. OLD WAY OF SAYING "YOU".	

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month





## Marsupial Monogram

By Violet M. Roberts

ALL the letters needed to spell the name of a familiar animal are shown in the sketch above. Each letter may be used as often as necessary, but all the letters must be used at least once. Can you solve this puzzle?

Give up? Turn the page upside down for the answer.

ANSWER: The mysterious marsupial is a kangaroo.

## A Roll of Life-Savers

By Jewell Casey

AFTER a party of more than one hundred men and boys had searched for six hours for some trace of a two-year-old Colville, Washington, child, "Sandra," a former Coast Guard Rescue Dog, was called in on the job. She was given a piece of the lost boy's clothing to get his scent, and within an hour Sandra had located the missing youngster. It was the first rescue work the noble dog had been called upon to do since she was released from her wartime duties.

It is nothing unusual for a person's life to be saved by a dog or a cat, but this is the true story of a pet goat who proved to be a hero. One day, leading the goat to where she usually staked it, a woman near Scranton, Pennsylvania, felt the rope tighten and was surprised to see that her goat had balked and was pulling backward. Pleading and pulling did no good; the goat refused to budge.

Suddenly the ground a few feet in front of them collapsed, revealing a 35-foot pit. Except for the pet goat, the woman would have stepped on undermined ground and perhaps have been buried!

## Tin Can Memories

By Hazel E. Howard

TIN cans are usually associated with dogs' tails, but this one wasn't. When I brought the three-pound empty shortening can down from the attic, my toy fox terrier, Zipper, started cutting capers. She ran around in circles, leaped into the air, rushed for the door, then back to me, nearly knocking the can from my hand.

"I guess she wants out," my husband said, opening the front door. The dog shot through and stood outside waiting for him to follow. When he didn't, she barked to come inside, where she put on the act all over again. I was endeavoring to fashion a toy soldier's hat from the tin can to be used in a Christmas play. I pasted heavy, glossy, dark blue paper over the surface, punched holes at the sides for a chin strap and decorated it with Red Cross Christmas seals.

When I held it up, the dog went wild. While watching me, my husband tried to figure out what Zipper was trying to put across.

Finally he said, "I've got it! She thinks we are going berrying. Remember last summer we took a couple of those shortening cans to fill whenever we went for blackberries?" The berries grow wild two blocks from our home and Zipper had always accompanied us on our trips.

"But that was last summer. Almost five months ago," I answered. "Surely she wouldn't remember that long."

I picked up the can, now transformed into a hat, and started towards the door. Zipper got there first. Outside, she headed straight for the berry patch. Talk about association of ideas! That dog really practised the art.

## Canine Garden Party

By Erma Reynolds

A COUPLE in our town had decided to start a garden, so, on the first spring day that suggested gardening, the wife decided to surprise her husband by spreading the new garden with a commercial fertilizer, which had been stored in their garage.

She had the good feeling of a job being well done as she broke the soil, raked, and threw on the powdery mixture. With the last inch of ground covered, she withdrew to the house, feeling pleased with herself, the garden and the world in general.

Some time later she chanced to look out of the window in the direction of the garden and the sight that she saw there caused her eyes to widen in horror. There stood the family dog lapping up the fertilizer with a look of enjoyment on his canine face.

She rushed to the yard and brought the animal into the house, but, watching his chance, he soon escaped again to the outdoors. Back to the garden patch he galloped, where he resumed the munching of his strange meal.

Expecting momentarily to see their beloved pet drop dead in his tracks from the effects of his poisonous meal, the wife ran again to the garden and drove the dog from the scene.

These frenzied actions went on all through the troubled day, for the dog

could not be kept from the garden. Each time he would make his escape, rush back and resume his strange meal.

It was a weary and puzzled woman who greeted her husband that evening. After she had told her bewildering tale, he suggested that they inspect the bag of fertilizer.

There in the garage they found the answer to the mystery. The helpful wife had spread the entire garden plot with the contents of a bag of commercial dog food, rather than the needed fertilizer.

Small wonder that the dog had declared a feast day!



"If this is poison, what a beautiful way to die!"

**HUMANE SOCIETIES!  
SCOUT LEADERS!  
SCHOOL TEACHERS!**

We offer a co-ordinated program in First Aid to Animals, consisting of a script and color slides prepared by the skilled staff of Angell Memorial working with our Director of Education.

This program is for sale or for rent, complete, at reasonable prices, to be within the budget range of most humane societies, schools, and Scout troops. We also publish up-to-date and inexpensive pamphlets on this and other aspects of Humane Education.

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**AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY**

180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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OFFER GOOD ONLY ON ORDERS RECEIVED BEFORE THE END OF SEPTEMBER, 1954.

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**TO OUR FRIENDS**

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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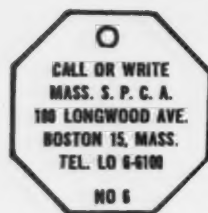
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The first step was to secure the tags, like the actual-size illustration above. These are in brass with an S-shaped hook to attach to your dog's collar. Each tag is numbered and this number is assigned permanently to your dog so that he can always be easily identified.

When ordering an identification tag please be sure to give the dog's name, sex, breed, color and any markings which might help to identify him. Also include the owner's name, address and telephone number.

All this information will be transferred to a card bearing the tag number so that if someone finds your dog and sends us the number on the tag we can easily get in touch with you and pass on the whereabouts of your pet.

The only cost to you is fifty cents (\$.50) for the tag. This price covers registration and all clerical work connected with the Bureau.

Lost tags may be replaced at an additional cost of \$.25. Be sure to notify us promptly in case of change of address.

Send all orders for identification tags to:

MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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